



The Mercury.

THE MERCURY PUBLISHING CO.

JOHN P. BARNHART, Editor.

Mercury Building.

107 DANDY STREET.

NEWPORT, R. I.

Local Matters.

INDEPENDENCE DAY

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The beach was of course the center of attraction for the great majority of Newporters and strangers. There were thousands of bathers and the water was splendid, being warm and clear, but lacking the surf which many of them like. The hard walk was thick with people throughout the day, and the attractions did a big business, the most popular being the roller skating and the dance hall. When the storm broke in the early afternoon there was a sudden scattering for shelter to the vast throng assembled there in the convention hall and all other places of refuge were soon crowded to their fullest capacity. Many who were in their bathing suits remained in the water or on the sands and had to witness the spectacle of an extra train back. The concert by the New York City Band proved a great attraction.

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GRAMMAR GRADUATIONS

Contrary to the usual custom the graduating exercises of the Grammar schools were held separately this year, the large number of pupils in the three classes making it practically impossible to bring the schools together into one large hall for the closing exercises.

The graduating exercises of the Mansfield School were held Tuesday morning, when the principal address was delivered by Rev. William Balford Jones, Principal Clarence A. Clark presided and gave a little sketch of what the pupils have accomplished in the way of work during the past year. Mayor Burdick awarded the prizes—the gold medal for scholarship to William Cottrell Chase, and the King medal to Rosamond Johnson. Rev. Emory H. Porter, D. D., presented the diplomas to the graduates.

Principal Dudley R. Campbell presided at the closing exercises of the John Clarke School on Tuesday afternoon, and the address was delivered by Rev. Charles W. Foster, rector of Emmanuel Church on the topic "Get Wisdom." Mayor Burdick awarded the gold medal for scholarship to John Meredith Hendon, and the King medal to Fanny Foster Peterson. Rev. Emory H. Porter, D. D., presented the diplomas to the members of the graduating class.

The Cranston School held their closing exercises in the hall of the City building on Tuesday afternoon, Miss Annie E. Casswell presiding. The principal address was delivered by Mrs. French Vanderbilt, who dwelt at considerable length on the opportunity for service on the part of those who are compelled to stay at home. Superintendent Lull awarded the Brown medals for scholarship to Paul Johnson and Margaret Louise Conway, and also presented the diplomas to the members of the graduating class.

An interesting meeting of the Newport Improvement Association was held in the rooms of the Newport Historical Society on Monday noon, when interesting addresses were made by Mayor Burdick, Colonel Oscar I. Straub, Inspector General Warner of the local Red Cross and others. President Lawrence L. Gillette presided. Mayor Burdick gave an interesting talk on local affairs, especially under war time conditions, and made several suggestions as to what the Association might best accomplish. He thought the Association might determine the exact legal status of the Cliff Walk so that the city might take the necessary steps to put the walk into a safe and attractive condition; and he also suggested that the Association might be able to secure the deed to the Wetmore land on Bath Road so that the widening and improvement might be completed.

NEWPORT IMPROVEMENT ASSOCIATION

An Associated Press despatch says: Fifteen hundred tents accommodating 4500 boys, will be erected for the camp on the Coddington Point site which the Government recently purchased. The Government has already started work on the cook sheds and a water main a half a mile long. There will be a commodious waiting room at the gate, to be used also as a guard house. The power station is not yet completed and the difficulty in letting contracts is causing delays.

RENT PROFITEERING CONSIDERED

There was an interesting meeting at the City Hall on Wednesday afternoon of citizens called by Mayor Burdick to consider the subject of rent "profiteering" which has caused considerable talk in Newport for some time. Mr. G. B. St. John, representing the United States Bureau of Housing, was present and gave a talk on what is being done in other cities. He suggested a general committee, to whom complaints could be made, and who could then call in the landlord for discussion. In case the landlord failed to listen to reason, publicity could be given, and possibly the tax assessors could be induced to raise the tax rate. No fixed percentage of rates was agreed upon, but ten per cent. gross was suggested as a fair amount. The government is to give some aid to Newport, but Mr. St. John did not think that this would be enough to relieve the situation when the increase in the number employed here goes into effect.

Rev. Nicholas M. Petricola, the new assistant rector of Trinity parish was tendered a reception in the guild hall on Wednesday evening, when he had an opportunity to meet a large number of his parishioners. Following the formal reception a social hour was held.

TO PERPETUATE A GOOD NAME

The Navy department did a very wise and appropriate thing when they named the new torpedo destroyer which has just been launched at the Fore River shipyard the name, after one of our distinguished former townsmen, Admiral Stephen B. Luce. Admiral Luce died a year ago in this city, where he had lived for many years, in his 91st year. He served with gallantry in the Civil War, was founder of the Naval War College and was largely instrumental in the establishment of the present naval training system.

The wedding, like all war-time weddings, was marked by little ceremony. Mrs. Charlotte Luce Noyes of this city, daughter of the Admiral, netting as a witness. Mrs. Noyes was attended by her brother, John D. Noyes, and one or two personal friends, who were received by General Manager Wickham and Mrs. Wickham. Mrs. Noyes received from Mr. Wickham a bunch of American Beauty roses and a basket of fruit.

TWO WILLS PROBATED

The will of Daniel H. Fearing was admitted to probate in the Probate Court in this city on Monday, the executor being Charlotte Strong Fearing and William Turnbull. All the property is left to the widow during her life time. Upon her decease \$5000 will go to the Newport Hospital, \$5000 to the Home for Friendless Children, \$2500 to the Redwood Library, \$2500 to the Newport Historical Society, \$2500 to St. John's Lodge, No. 1, F. & A. M., and all the residue of the property to St. Mark's School of Southboro, Mass.

The will of Guy Norman, which was admitted to probate on the same day, makes no public bequests. Aside from \$10,000 left to his daughter, Mrs. Hope Norman Bacon, all the property goes to his widow.

The new automobile pumping engine for the fire department of the Naval Training Station has arrived in Newport, and has given a few exhibition runs for the benefit of the officers of the local fire department. As soon as the necessary tests are completed the machine will be accepted and installed as a part of the Station fire force, in which position it can be of much service to Newport if emergency should arise. The machine is a White triple combination pump, while practically all of the Newport apparatus is of the American La France make.

The Grey Ten Shoppe in the Mercury Building will open next Monday under the management of Mr. and Mrs. Buchanan, who are well known in Newport. The rooms have been fitted up very elaborately and present a most attractive appearance. Being located in the very center of the shopping district, the new establishment ought to do a flourishing business from the start.

If the recommendation of the committee on text books and curriculum is adopted by the school committee, the teaching of Spanish will be substituted for German in the Rogers High School curriculum. The full committee has already voted to drop the German, and undoubtedly the study of the Spanish language will be adopted.

The service flag presented to the Second Baptist Church by Colonel John C. Seabury, was dedicated with appropriate ceremonies last Sunday morning. The roll of honor from the church was read, comprising 28 names, equally divided between the army and navy.

The full New York City Band, under the leadership of Vincent Lozito, that gave such excellent concerts at the beach last summer, has returned for the season, making its first appearance on the Fourth of July. Three concerts will be given daily.

The Training Station Comic Opera Company, which has been producing Pinafire before large audiences in Providence for a considerable run, returned to Newport on the Fourth. The boys report that they were lavishly entertained by the people of Providence.

There is a strong possibility that an army base hospital may be placed in Newport in the near future. Several agencies are working to secure such a hospital in Newport.

RECENT DEATHS.

Mr. Robert H. DeBorja, a well known member of the Newport, died in Providence, Massachusetts, of a long illness. He was married twice, four years ago, and retired from business, although able to get around until within a few months. Last fall, his wife became affected and he was taken to a sanatorium in Providence for cure and treatment. There was no hope for his recovery and he finally gradually until the end came.

Although not a native Newporter, Mr. DeBorja was long identified with business in Newport. He was born in Fredonia, N. Y., in 1839, and came to Newport in 1870 as an employee of the Newport Gas Company, retaining this connection for twelve years. He then engaged in business for himself as a hatter and retail worker, and acquired a wide reputation as an expert worker along these lines. He developed and retained some exclusive formulas for hatter work, which apparently could not be duplicated. His workshop was a favorite gathering place in the evenings for many of his large circle of friends, and he was warmly esteemed by all who knew him.

Mr. DeBorja was for many years a member of St. John's Lodge, No. 1, F. & A. M., and was formerly a member of the old Newport Business Men's Association, being one of the expert whist players who formed a coterie of their own in that organization. He is survived by one son, Mr. Howard Sherman DeBorja, who holds a responsible position in the General Electric Company at Schenectady, N. Y. His wife died some three years ago.

BOARD OF ALDERMEN

The regular monthly meeting of the board of aldermen was held on Tuesday evening, when the principal business in the open session was the approval of a large list of monthly bills totalling nearly \$19,000. The Chief of the Fire Department complained that a certain quality of waste furnished by a local bidder was not of the kind required by the department, and after some discussion, it was voted to reject the goods. The Simpson Brothers' Company wanted to use one of the city's large steam rollers in connection with their contract for paving Carroll avenue, and the Freebody Park commission wanted to use one of the smaller rollers for grading the Park. Both requests were referred to the street commissioner with power to act.

In a private conference of the aldermen, Mayor, city solicitor and city clerk, held in the Mayor's office, there was a heart to heart talk over the present financial condition of the city, and the embarrassments that have arisen by the making of new appropriations after all available money had already been appropriated. No announcement was made as to the result of the conference, but it is probable that an attempt will be made to reach from certain appropriations for various purposes that the city can do without.

SUPERIOR COURT

Judge Barrows came down on Monday to preside over the July Motion Day business, and also to reopen the June session of the Superior Court which was continued in an effort to clean up some of the business that was not ready at the regular time. There was not a great deal of business, but a few cases were heard by the justice, while many assignments were made for the opening of the October session.

Charles H. Gunther and wife vs. John H. Murphy was an action to recover possession of the premises at 15 King street, which were purchased by the plaintiffs some time ago. Because of an irregularity in the manner of giving notice to the defendant to vacate, the Court granted a motion for a non-suit.

Joseph Riley and wife vs. George Wilson was an action to recover possession of a tenement at 37 Howard street. This case went to the jury, after several witnesses had been heard, and after considerable deliberation a verdict was returned for the plaintiff for possession.

PORTSMOUTH.

Rev. and Mrs. Madison Blackhead and their infant daughter have arrived from New York and will spend the summer with the former's mother, Mrs. Enoch E. Blackhead at Exeter.

Rev. George W. Manly of the Middleboro Methodist Episcopal Church preached at the Christian Church Sunday morning.

Mrs. J. J. Packham and Mr. and Mrs. J. Harrison Packham have gone to Wellesley, Mass., where they will be guests at the marriage of Mr. James Austin Packham, D. D. R. F., of this town, to Miss Margaret Law.

Ruth Anthony Packham and William Harrison Packham are visiting their grandparents, Mr. and Mrs. William W. Anthony.

Mr. and Mrs. Isaac Gray entertained a party of thirty at a clubhouse on Fourth of July. The guests were Mr. and Mrs. W. W. Anthony, Miss Carolyn D. Anthony, Mr. Charles W. Anthony, Mr. and Mrs. J. Harrison Packham and family, Mr. and Mrs. Charles G. Clarke, Mr. and Mrs. Elliott Bowle, Mr. and Mrs. Everett Gray and family, and Captain Walter Gray and Mrs. Gray.

Mr. and Mrs. Frank Thomas and Mr. and Mrs. Vincent Coggeshall have been visiting Mr. and Mrs. Clarence Luman of Quincy, Mass.

Mrs. Sidney T. Hedley of Bristol Ferry entertained the Red Cross Auxiliary of the Methodist Episcopal Church on Tuesday. The attendance was smaller than usual.

Mrs. Oscar Ayler of New London is visiting Mr. and Mrs. Edward B. Ayler.

Mrs. Annie Tucker is seriously ill.

The Portsmouth Troup of Boy Scouts went to Alford Field, Bristol, for the Fourth of July.

Mr. and Mrs. Richard Macomber are entertaining the new pastor of the Friends' Church.

Mr. Mortimer Richmond of Providence has been spending several days with his cousins, Mr. and Mrs. Perry G. Randall.

Mr. and Mrs. Charles Borden and Mr. Henry Hedley have been to Little Compton to visit Mr. Robert Brownell.

The farmettes have moved from Bethelton-in-the-Woods to the Coggeshall house on Mr. Bradford Norman's Brook farm.

Mrs. Abigail Tallman, who was taken seriously ill on Saturday, is improving.

Mr. and Mrs. Peter J. Malone and Mr. and Mrs. Arthur Chase have been guests of Mr. and Mrs. John Perkins in New Bedford.

Mrs. A. G. Manchester, who has been very ill, is somewhat better.

Miss Beulah Gray Albino and Louis Edward Murphy were in the graduating class at Rogers High School. Miss Albino has enlisted in the Navy and is now serving at the Naval War College.

Work on the State road is progressing well and it is hoped that the road will be completed in a few weeks.

Mr. John Chase, who has been here for the past two weeks, has gone to Boston.

Mrs. Cornelia Sisson is visiting her daughter, Mrs. William Caswell of Hudson, N. Y.

Mrs. William H. Chase and Mrs. Amanda Chase have been visiting Mr. and Mrs. Herbert P. Chaffee of Seekonk.

Miss Minnie E. Brophy is spending her vacation with her parents, Mr. and Mrs. Joseph Brophy of Westport.

The graduating exercises of the public schools were held at the Quaker Hill school. The class motto was "Knowledge is Power," and the class colors were old rose and gold for the boys and gold and black for the girls. Among those who took a prominent part in the exercises were: Helen Davis Shaw, Elizabeth Mary Brien, Harold Lincoln Hathaway, Ruth Lydia Hedley, Clinton Russell Hathaway, Gertrude General Martin, Jennie Burgess Griffin, Eleanor Bliss Wilbur, Margaret Virginia Kerzenki, Mary Sisson Manchester. Rev. Everett P. Smith presented the diplomas, making appropriate remarks. The graduating class was Catherine Louise Davis, Harold Lincoln Hathaway, Clinton Russell Hathaway, Flora May Chase, Janet Estlin Wilkey, Ruth Lydia Hedley, Jennie Burgess Griffin, Hazel Amanda Wynt, Anna Leonard Matvel, Mary Sisson Manchester, Helen Elizabeth Manchester, Eleanor Bliss Wilbur.



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"OUTWITTING THE HUN"

By LIEUTENANT
PAT O'BRIEN



CHAPTER XIII.

Five Days in an Empty House.

The five days I spent in that house seemed to me like five years. During all that time I had very little to eat—less in fact than I had been getting in the fields. I did not feel it so bad, perhaps, because of the fact that I was no longer exposed to the other privations which before had combined to make my condition so wretched. I now had a good place to sleep, at any rate, and I did not wake every half hour or so as I had been accustomed to do in the fields and woods, and, of course, my hunger was not aggravated by the physical exertions which had been necessary before.

Nevertheless, perhaps because I had more time now to think of the hunger-pains which were gnawing at me all the time, I don't believe I was ever so miserable as I was at that period of my adventure. I felt so mean towards the world I would have committed murder, I think, with very little provocation.

German soldiers were passing the house at all hours of the day. I watched them hour after hour from the



I Rummaged the House Many Times.

keyhole of the door—to have shown myself at the window was out of the question because the house in which I was concealed was supposed to be untenanted.

Because of the fact that I was unable to speak either Flemish or German I could not go out and buy food, although I still had the money with which to do it. That was one of the things that galled me—the thought that I had the wherewithal in my jeans to buy all the food I needed and yet no way of getting it without endangering my liberty and life.

At night, however, after it was dark, I would steal quietly out of the house to see what I could pick up in the way of food. By that time, of course, the stores were closed, but I scoured the streets, the alleys and the byways for scraps of food and occasionally got up courage enough to appeal to Belgian peasants whom I met on the streets, and in that way I managed to keep body and soul together.

It was quite apparent to me, however, that I was worse off in the city than I had been in the fields, and I decided to get out of that house just as soon as I knew definitely that Huytger had made up his mind to do nothing further for me.

When I was not at the keyhole of the door I spent most of my day on the top floor in a room which looked out on the street. By keeping well away from the window I could see much of what was going on without being seen myself. In my restlessness, I used to walk back and forth in that room and I kept it up so constantly that I believe I must have worn a path in the floor. It was nine steps from one wall to the other, and as I had little else to amuse me I figured out one day after I had been pacing up and down for several hours just how much distance I would have covered on my way to Holland if my footsteps had been taken in that direction instead of just up and down that old room. I was very much surprised to find that in three hours I crossed the room no less than 5,000 times and the distance covered was between nine and ten miles. It was not very gratifying to realize that after walking all that distance I wasn't a step nearer my goal than when I started, but I had to do something while waiting for Huytger to help me, and pacing up and down was a natural outlet for my restlessness.

While looking out of the top floor window one day, I noticed a cat on a window ledge of the house across the street. I had a nice piece of a broken razor which I had picked up in the

picture myself in the same predicament and rescued the fly just as the spider was about to grab him. Several times when the fly was dull I was tempted to see the tragedy through, but perhaps the same Providence that guided me safely through all perils was guiding, too, the destiny of those flies, for I always weakened and the flies never did suffer from my lust for amusement.

The house was well supplied with books—in fact, one of the chiefest liabilities I think I ever saw—but they were all written either in Flemish or French. I could read no Flemish and very little French. I might have made a little headway with the latter, but the books all seemed too deep for me and I gave it up. There was one thing though that I did read and that was a New York Herald which must have arrived just about the time war was declared. Several things in this interested me, and particularly the baseball scores, which I studied with as much care as a real fan possibly could. I couldn't refrain from laughing when I came to an account of Zimmerman (of the Cubs) being benched for some spit with the umpire, and it afforded me just as much interest three years after it had happened—perhaps more—than some current item of world-wide interest had at that time.

I rummaged the house many times from cellar to garret in my search for something to eat, but the harvest of three years of war had made my success along that line impossible. I was like the man out in the ocean in a boat and thirsty with water everywhere but not a drop to drink.

I was tempted while in the city to go to church one Sunday, but my better judgment told me it would be a useless risk. Of course, someone would surely say something to me and I didn't know how many Germans would be there or what might happen, so I gave up that idea.

During all the time I was concealed in this house I saw but one automobile and that was a German staff officer's. That same afternoon I had one of the frights of my young life.

I had been gazing out of the keyhole as usual when I heard coming down the street the measured tread of German soldiers. It didn't sound like very many, but there was no doubt in my mind that German soldiers were marching down the street. I went up stairs and peeked through the window and sure enough a squad of German infantry was coming down the street accompanied by a military motor truck. I hadn't the slightest idea that they were coming after me, but still the possibilities of the situation gave me more or less alarm, and I considered how I could make my escape if by chance I was the man they were after. The idea of hiding in the wine cellar appealed to me as the most practical; there must have been plenty of places among the wine kegs and cases where a man could conceal himself, but, as a matter of fact, I did not believe that any such contingency would arise.

The marching soldiers came nearer, I could hear them at the next house. In a moment I would see them pass the keyhole through which I was looking.

"Halt!" At the word of command shouted by a junior officer the squad came to attention right in front of the house!

I waited no longer. Running down the stairs I flew into the wine cellar and although it was almost pitch dark—the only light coming from a grating which led to the backyard—a smell found a satisfactory hiding place in the extreme rear of the cellar. I had had the presence of mind to leave the door of the wine cellar ajar, figuring that if the soldiers found a closed door they would be more apt to search for a fugitive behind it than if the door were open.

My decision to get away from that front door had been made and carried out none too soon, for I had only just located myself between two big wine cases when I heard the tramp of soldiers' feet marching up the front stoop, a crash at the front door, a few lusty words of command which I did not understand, and then the noise of scurrying feet from room to room and such a banging and hammering and smashing and crashing that I could not make out what was going on.

If Huytger had revealed my hiding place to the Huns, as I was now confident he had, I felt that there was lit-



"I Figured I Could Put Up a Good Fight!"

tle prospect of their overlooking me. They would search the house from top to bottom and, if necessary, raze it to the ground before they would give up the search. To escape from the house through the backyard through the grating, which I had no doubt I could force, seemed to be the logical thing to do, but the chances were that the Huns had that way covered and the entire block before the squad was sent to the house. The Germans do the things in an efficient manner always. They take nothing for granted.

My one chance seemed to be to stand pat in the hope that the officer in charge might possibly come to the conclusion that he had arrived at the house too late—that the Hun had flown.

My position in that wine cellar was anything but a comfortable one. Rats and mice were scurrying across the floor and the smashing and crashing going on overhead was anything but soothing. Evidently those soldiers imagined that I ought to be hiding in the walls, for it sounded as though they were tearing off the wall-scotting, the picture molding and, in fact, everything that they could tear or pull apart.

Before very long they would finish their search upstairs and would come down to the basement. What they would do when they discovered the wine I had no idea. Perhaps they would let themselves loose on it and give me my chance. With a bottle of wine in each hand I figured I could put up a good fight in the dark, especially as I was becoming more and more accustomed to it and could begin to distinguish things here and there, where, as when they entered the pitch darkness of the cellar, they would be as blind as bats in the sun.

Perhaps it was twenty minutes before I heard what sounded like my death-knell to me; the soldiers were coming down the cellar steps! I clutched a wine bottle in each hand and waited with bated breath.

Trump! Trump! Trump! In a moment they would be in the cellar proper. I could almost hear my heart beating. The mice scurried across the floor by the scores, frightened no doubt by the vibration and noise made by the descending soldiers. Some of the creatures ran across me where I stood between two wine cases, but I was too much interested in bigger game to pay any attention to mice.

Trump! Trump! "Halt!" Again an order was given in German, and although I did not understand it I am willing to bless every word of it, because it resulted in the soldiers turning right about face, marching up the stairs again, through the hall and out of the front door and away!

I could hardly believe my ears. It seemed almost too good to be true that they could have given up the search just as they were about to come upon their quarry, but unless my ears deceived me that was what they had done.

The possibility that the whole thing might be a German ruse did not escape me, and I remained in the cellar for nearly an hour after they had apparently departed before I ventured to move, listening intently in the meanwhile for the slightest sound which would reveal the presence of a sentry upstairs.

Not hearing a sound I began to feel that they had indeed given up the hunt, for I did not believe that a German officer would be so considerate of his men as to try to trap me rather than carry the cellar by force if they had the slightest idea that I was there.

I took off my shoes and crept softly and slowly to the cellar steps and then step by step, placing my weight down gradually so as to prevent the steps from creaking, I climbed to the top. The sight that met my eyes as I glanced into the kitchen told me the whole story. The water faucets had been ripped from the sinks, the water pipes having been torn off, and gas fixtures, cooking utensils and everything else which contained even the smallest proportion of the metals the Germans so badly needed had been taken from the kitchen. I walked upstairs now with more confidence, feeling tolerably assured that the soldiers hadn't been after me at all, but had been merely collecting metal and other materials which they expected an elaborate dwelling house like the one in which I was concealed to yield.

Later I heard that the Germans have taken practically every ounce of brass, copper and wood they could lay their hands on in Belgium. Even the brass out of phonos has been ruthlessly removed, the serious damage done to valuable property by the removal of only an insubstantial proportion of metal never being taken into consideration. I learned, too, that all dogs over fourteen inches high had been seized by the Germans. This furnished lots of speculation among the Belgians as to what use the Germans were putting the animals to, the general impression apparently being that they were being used for food!

This, however, seemed much less likely to me than that they were being employed as dispatch dogs in the trenches, the same as we use them on our side of the line. They might possibly kill the dogs and use their skins for leather and their carcasses for tallow, but I feel quite sure that the Huns are by no means so short of food that they have to eat dogs yet awhile.

Indeed, I want to repeat here what I have mentioned before; if anyone has the idea that this war can be won by starving the Huns, he hasn't the slightest idea how well provided the Germans are in that respect. They have considered their food needs in connection with their resources for several years to come and they have gone at it in such a methodical, systematic way, taking into consideration every possible contingency, that provided there is not an absolute crop failure, there isn't the slightest doubt in my mind that they can last for years, and the worst of it is they are very cock sure that it themselves.

It is true that the German soldiers want peace. As I watched them through the keyhole in the door I

thought how unfavorably they compared with our men. They marched along the street without laughter, without joking, without singing. It was so different from the war I was telling about, but no one, except those who sat at my own table, would notice me unless they deliberately turned around to look.

The place began to fill up rapidly. Every second person who came in the place seemed to me to be a German soldier, but when they were seated at the tables and I got a chance later on to make a near-by count, I found that in all there were not more than a hundred soldiers by the place and there must have been several hundred civilians.

The first people to sit at my table were a Belgian and his wife. The Belgian sat next to me and his wife next to him. I was hoping that other civilians would occupy the remaining two seats at my table, because I did not relish the idea of having to sit through the show with German soldiers within a few feet of me. That would certainly have spoiled my pleasure for the evening.

Every uniform that came in the door gave me cause to worry until I was sure it was not coming in my direction. I don't suppose there was a single soldier who came in the door whom I didn't follow to his seat—with my eyes.

Just before they lowered the lights, two German officers entered. They stood at the door for a moment looking the place over. Then they made a beeline in my direction and I must confess my heart started to beat a



It Seemed Better to Parrot the Belgian.

little faster. I hoped that they would find another seat before they came to my vicinity, but they were getting nearer and nearer and I realized with a sickening sensation that they were headed directly for the two seats at my table, and that was indeed the case.

These two seats were in front of the table facing the stage and except when the officers would be eating or drinking their backs were toward me, and there was considerable consolation in that. From my seat I could have reached right over and touched one of them on his bald head. It would have been more than a touch, I am afraid, if I could have gotten away with it safely.

As the officers seated themselves, a waiter came to us with a printed bill-of-fare and program. Fortunately, he waited on the others first and I listened intently to their orders. The officers ordered some light wine, but my Belgian neighbor ordered "Rock" for himself and his wife, which was what I had decided to order anyway, as that was the only thing I could say. Heaven knows I would far rather have ordered something to eat, and I was afraid to take a chance at the pronunciation of the dishes I set forth.

There were a number of drinks listed which I might safely enough have ordered. For instance, I noticed "Lemon Squash, 1.50," "Ginger Beer, 1.00," "Sparkling Dry Gloger Ale, 1.00," "Appollinaris, 1.00," and "Schwappes Soda, 0.80," but it occurred to me that the mere fact that I selected something that was listed in English might attract attention to me and something in my pronunciation might give further cause for suspicion.

It seemed better to parrot the Belgian and order "Rock" and that was what I decided to do.

One item on the bill of fare tantalized me considerably. Although it was listed among the "Friszen der dranken," which I took to mean "Prices of drinks," it sounded very much to me like something to eat, and Heaven knows I would rather have had one honest mouthful of food than all the drinks in the world. The item I refer to was "Dübel Gerstein de Fleisch (Michaux)." A double portion of anything would have been mighty welcome to me, but I would have been content with a single "gerstein" if I had only had the courage to ask for it.

To keep myself as composed as possible I devoted a lot of attention to that bill-of-fare, and I think by the time the waiter came around I almost knew it by heart. One drink that almost made me laugh aloud was listed as "Lemonades gazeuses," but I might as well have introduced myself to the German officers by my right name and rank as attempt to pronounce it.

When the waiter came to me, therefore, I said "Rock" as casually as I could, and I felt somewhat relieved that I had gotten through that part of the ordeal so easily.

While the waiter was away I had a chance to examine the bill-of-fare and I observed that a glass of beer cost 50 at a loss to know how I was going to ask for what I wanted.

While trying to make up my mind whether it was safe for me to go in I walked half a block past the place and

when I turned back again and reached the entrance with my mind made up that I would take the chance I ran full tilt into a German officer who was just coming out.

That settled all my hankering for moving pictures that night. "When you come from my friend," I figured, "there must be more than one 'I' going to a good night for you!"

The next day, however, in reading the incident of the evening before, it seemed to me that I had been rather foolish. What I needed more than anything else at that time was a good dinner. Before I could get to the theater I would have to confront German soldiers many times, because there were more of them between there and Holland than in any section of the country through which I had to pass. Safety in those moving pictures would depend largely upon the calmness I displayed. It wouldn't do to get all excited at the mere sight of a spiked helmet. The Belgians, I had noticed, while careful to obey the orders of the Huns, showed no particular fear of them, and it seemed to me the sooner I cultivated the same feeling of indifference the better I would be able to carry off the part I was playing.

For this reason I made up my mind then and there that, officers or no officers, I would go to that show that night and sit it through no matter what happened. While people may think that I had decided unwisely because of the unnecessary risk involved in the adventure, it occurred to me that perhaps after all that theater was about one of the safest places I could attend because that was about the last place Germans would expect to find a fugitive English officer in even if they were searching for me.

As soon as evening came, therefore, I started out for the theatre. I fixed myself up as well as possible. I had on a fairly decent pair of pants which Huytger had given me and I used a clean handkerchief as a collar.

With my hair brushed up and my beard trimmed as neatly as possible with a pair of rusty scissors which I had found in the house, while my appearance was not exactly that of a Beau Brummel, I don't think I looked much worse than the average Belgian. In these days the average Belgian is very poorly dressed at best.

I can't say I had no misgivings as I made my way to the theatre; certainly I was going there more for discipline than pleasure, but I had made up my mind that I was going there to see it through.

The entrance to the theatre or large garden, for it was as much one as the other, was on the side of the building and was reached by way of an alley which ran alongside. Near the door was a ticket-seller's booth, but as this was one of the free nights there was no one in the booth.

I marched slowly down the alley imitating as best I could the indolent gait of the Belgians, and when I entered the theatre I was greeted by a sign as though I had been there many times before. A lusty survey of the interior of the place was sufficient to enable me to select my seat. It was early and there were not more than half a dozen people in the place at that time, so that I had my choice.

There was a raised platform, perhaps two feet high, all around the walls of the place except at the end where the stage was located. On this platform tables were arranged and there were tables on the floor proper as well.

I decided promptly that the safest place for me was as far back as possible, where I would not be in the line of vision of others in back of me. Accordingly I slouched over to a table on the platform directly opposite the stage and I took the seat against the wall. The whole place was now in front of me. I could see everything that was going on and everyone who on them. I don't believe I saw a single German soldier who didn't look as if he had lost his best friend—and he probably had.

At the same time there is a big difference—certainly a difference of several years—between wishing the war was over and giving up, and I don't believe the German rank and file are more than their leaders have the slightest idea at this time of giving up at all.

But to return to my experience while concealed in the house. After the visit of the soldiers, which left the house in a wretched condition, I decided that I would continue my journey towards the frontier, particularly as I had gotten all I could out of Huytger, or rather he had gotten all I was going to get out of me.

During my concealment in the house I had made various sorties into the city at night, and I was beginning to feel more comfortable even when German soldiers were about. The last night the keyhole I had studied very closely the gait of the Belgians as they slovenly drop that characterized them, and their general appearance, and I felt that in my own dirty and shaven condition I must have looked as much like the average poor Belgian as a man could. The only thing that was against me was my height. I was several inches taller than even the tallest Belgians. I had often thought that red hair would have gone well with my name, but now, of course, I was mighty glad that I was not endowed, for red-haired Belgians are about as rare as German giants.

There are many, no doubt, who wonder why I did not get more help than I did at this time. It is easily answered. When a man is in such fear of life and the country is full of spies, as Belgium certainly was, it is not going to help just anyone that comes along seeking aid. One of the German's most successful ways of turning the Belgians has been to put an English or French prisoner who had escaped, typical to them for aid, and take as many as possible, and then turn the whole German police force loose on them. As I look back on those days I think I am thankful that I received as much help as I did, and that people are starving who

Continued on Page 3

RUMOR INTERNED WHILE WAR LASTS

Chronicle Gossips in Wall Street Are Put Under Ban by Exchange Officials.

UNPRECEDENTED IN STREET

While Not Completely Checked the Tendency Is Toward Suppressing Wild Stories That Might Be Harmful.

New York.—War has wrought many and varied changes in Wall street ways. The adjustment of the financial district and its army of workers to the new order of things ushered in by the entrance of the United States into the war has gone along steadily and is still progressing. The process will go on until peace comes and perhaps thereafter. Banks, foreign exchange, the security and commodity markets, have all felt the hand of the war in varying degrees, and the changes that have taken place in business methods and customs in the street would surprise the Wall street frequenter of five or ten years ago.

Probably one of the most interesting developments in the financial district since our entrance into the war has been the attempt made by the market authorities to put the ban on the rumor-monger. In normal times the most gossipy place in the country is to be found right in the financial district where a rumor is born every minute. Millions of dollars have been made and lost in Wall street on the circulation of rumors. There have been times when wild stories were deliberately concocted for stock market purposes.

Unprecedented on Street.

Damage Rumor lately, however, has been taken in hand by the officials of the New York stock exchange and the New York cotton exchange, and while she is still to be found at large, her activities have been much restricted. On the stock exchange the governors recently adopted resolutions to the effect that "the circulation in any manner of rumors of a sensational character by members of the exchange or their firms will be deemed an act detrimental to the interest and welfare of the exchange."

Similar resolutions were adopted by the cotton exchange governing board after there had occurred a tremendous slump in cotton prices ascribed partly to rumors set afloat that the government intended to fix the price of cotton.

The effort being made to stop rumor spreading is new and has never been done before. It has been effective to a degree, although it did not prevent the flotation of a rumor that the German crown prince and 40,000 men had been captured by the allies. This rumor started the rounds shortly after the opening of the stock market and later when it came back to the exchange the total lag of Toots had reached 80,000.

Curiously enough during the recent visitation of German submarines to these shores the rumor factory was comparatively idle, the only story emanating from that quarter being a rumor that six German submarines were lying to off Atlantic City getting ready to bombard the resort. Since the various exchanges banned the dissemination of rumors their point of origin has been carefully concealed so that it is next to impossible nowadays to run them down at their source.

Curb on Wild Stories.

The German Kaiser, who must yield the palm only to the crown prince in the number of times he has been killed in this war, has been killed on the stock exchange time and time again since 1914. On other occasions he has died a natural death from a strange malady. There was a time when the death of the Kaiser meant to Wall street the end of the war so that rumors of this character were often put out with a view to influencing the course of market prices. But since the exchange banned rumor-mongering the Kaiser has not been "killed" once in the financial district. In the markets of 1915 and 1916 reports of war orders placed with industrial companies filled Wall street for months. Some of the rumors proved to be true, whereas others were made out of whole cloth. Particularly there came also rumors of peace proposals which on a number of occasions exerted an important influence on stock market prices. The most frequently appearing reports have been those of vessels sunk at sea.

It would of course be too much to say that the exchange authorities have effectively checked rumors spreading by their recent action, although undoubtedly the tendency is toward suppressing wild stories that might be harmful both to sentiment and to market values.

Cashed Bad Checks to Bury Son.

St. Louis, Mo.—Frank J. Hoffman, twenty-six, who was arrested here on a charge of obtaining money under false pretenses, said he had cashed five worthless checks, aggregating \$30, to obtain money to buy a lot in St. Martin cemetery in which to bury his son, John two years old. Hoffman said he had been unable to meet his expenses on a salary of \$14 a week as a delivery clerk.

"The Obligations of Wealth."

No matter if one has one million dollars, if he is able-bodied he ought to do some useful service somewhere, or keep away from the table at the dinner bell thing—Houston.

YANKEE TROOPS WIN HIGH PRAISE

French and British Impressed by Splendid Enterprise and Initiation.

HEROIC DEEDS ARE PREDICTED

General Says American Spirit at Critical Moment Served to Main-tain Morale of French at Chateau Thierry.

London.—The behavior of the American troops at Chateau Thierry has demonstrated more than anything that has happened on the American front the splendid initiative and enterprise with which the American army is endowed, and nothing has boosted the keener enthusiasm of the commander, says the Daily Mail correspondent with the American army in France.

He quotes an unnamed French general as saying that the American spirit and enterprise at a critical moment served to maintain the morale of the French troops around Chateau Thierry.

Among the incidents of the engagement the correspondent mentions is the steadiness and persistence of the American machine gun fire in the streets of Chateau Thierry. Company after company of the enemy marching four abreast, repeatedly tried to advance, but recoiled sorely shattered before the fire of the American gunners. The streets were strewn with German dead and wounded and the American officers estimate they inflicted at least 1,000 casualties.

Predicts Heroic Deeds.

When a bridge across the Marne was blown up, the correspondent adds, the Americans were left on the northern bank with the enemy in front of them and the river at their backs. Carrying their guns, the Americans descended to the lower banks of the river, and under enemy machine gun and artillery fire succeeded in reaching the next bridge.

The correspondent predicts that much will be heard of the deeds of the Americans in the next few days, and adds:

"American troops fresh from the United States continue to arrive with regularity and in numbers more than sufficient to justify renewed confidence in the ultimate triumph of the entente. The Americans at this moment are distributed over a very wide front."

"In some sectors entire American divisions form one unit, holding a certain extent of line, while elsewhere they are brigaded with French and British regiments. In the Tonneville and Toul sectors the Americans hold very difficult salients—in the Toul sector completely dominated by the German artillery on Montsec. The Germans recently have been denouncing these positions with gas, but the Americans stood firm and won the ready appreciation of all observers."

The spirit and morale of the American soldiers wounded in the Chauligny battle, 90 per cent of whom will recover, is wonderful. The first question they ask the surgeon is:

"Doc, when will I be able to go back after the Germans who fired me?"

Two young privates were waiting their turn to enter the operating-room of a large American hospital in Paris. One said:

"I have been over the top three times, and it is the greatest sport I ever had. Fix me up quick because I want to go back after the Boches again."

The second soldier, who had a serious wound in the thigh, said:

"If I do not return to the trenches I have the satisfaction of knowing that I fixed three—two bayoneted and one shot. I am satisfied."

The soldier probably will recover, but he will never cross bayonets with the Germans again, as he will lose his leg.

Show Great Daring.

Many American officers and privates showed great daring and fortitude in withstanding the German attacks along the Marne at Chateau Thierry and Jaulgonne.

Capt. John R. Mendenhall of New Rochelle, N. Y., went without sleep for three days and remained steadily at the head of his company during that time.

Corp. Jules Mangold of McDonald, Pa., was sent out to investigate German snipers under a heavy fire from the American line. He found the snipers, pointed them out to his comrades and the Germans fired no more.

Capt. George Wakerline, the French liaison officer with the American staff, stood by the Americans in the thick of the fight, encouraging and cheering them. The Americans, he said, showed most wonderful fighting spirit and were jolly, even laughing and joking while a perfect hell raged around them.

Sold Love Powders.

St. Louis, Mo.—Mrs. Emma Bracken, thirty, of this city, was arrested here following a report that she was offering for sale a so-called "love powder" that would enable young women to win the affections of any man they sought. The district charge against the woman is fortune telling.

Knew She'd Bought One.

Wife—I attended the mammoth sale today. Hub—Where are you going to keep the darned thing?

Daily Optimistic Thought.

Nothing without difficulty and nothing without a smile. Nothing without a smile and nothing without a smile.

TWO U-BOATS SUNK IN ATTACK ON LEVIATHAN

Germans Fail in Raid on Greatest United States Transport.

CARRIES 10,000 SOLDIERS

Eye Witness Gives Thrilling Account of Trip Across Atlantic—High Praise for Work of American Navy—Men on Transport Behave Splendidly in Time of Danger.

Durand, Mich.—An eye-witness account of an attack by three submarines on the United States transport Leviathan and the destruction of two of the U-boats by United States destroyers, is contained in a letter from Capt. Charles A. Harmon of this city to his son, Sergt. Carl A. Harmon, at Camp Custer. The Leviathan, formerly the German Vaterland, is the largest vessel afloat and was seized by the United States when this country entered the war.

Captain Harmon is in the motor mechanics division of the aviation corps, now safely in France, while his son is a member of the ambulance company. The Leviathan carried 10,000 soldiers on that particular trip and every precaution of camouflage and zigzag navigation was employed to protect it from the submarines, since the German government is said to have offered a fortune and great honors to the commander and crew of the U-boat that succeeds in sinking it.

All Obey Orders.

"Most of the men aboard were raw recruits," says Captain Harmon, "but when the emergency came the constant drill and training told and not a man disobeyed orders. Twenty hours from our destination, at dusk, we picked up the destroyers in a howling gale. They came swooping at us out of a rain squall like flying fish. Day! They looked good. They are big, long, intrepid devils all engines and wickedness. We were tearing along at high speed, trusting to luck not to hit anything, but those little devils curved and circled and zigzagged around us as if we were at anchor."

"Even with our thousand feet of length we could hardly keep our feet on deck, but they, with their 200 feet or less, were simply doing the impossible. Some too high to ride they dived through, actually disappearing at times. And when, in their circles, they fell into the trough, they took a list that would make your heart stop."

"They carry two spurs about 60 feet high. On top of each is a crow's nest, with a man in each watching for periscopes. The gunners are lashed to their guns. They must be amphibious. The ride those crow's-nest birds took that day would curl your hair."

Taking No Chances.

"All day long it howled and rained and blew, and most of the following night, too. It was too rough for U-boats, but we were pitching over the bows of the Lusitania and hundreds of other good ships and the destroyers were taking no chances."

"Any time the United States navy is mentioned you just get onto your legs and salute—just on general principles. When you cross you will understand why. They are there, those lads."

"I went on duty in a troop section below the water line that evening at five and was on duty for 12 hours stationed on a stairway where I could pick off the first bird that baited an eye. About midnight the sea went down. Then we did expect trouble any minute. It was a tough, long night. We knew that if a torpedo ever hit in that section we hadn't a chance in the world. At five in the morning I was relieved and went up topside, to the forward upper deck. It was just breaking daylight, clear, no wind, sea as smooth as glass. Six more destroyers had joined us some time during the night and they were coursing like panthers, near and far, in great, swooping curves all around us."

Finally They Came.

"We were roaring along in sharp zigzags, the ship trembling like a nervous dog, with the best speed in her. I thought to myself, as I took it all in:

"Well, this is the time and the place. Now where in h— are those dogged Huns?"

"As if in answer to my question the nearest destroyer turned on her tail and shot straight at our cutter as if to head something off, at the same time firing rapidly at something the other side of her and close by. Instantly the others pointed in toward us and came darting in like diving sharks."

"The nearest destroyer was not more than 50 yards distant. Next it swung around in a smother of white water, and in an instant I saw the black stern of a submarine as it upended in a dive so close to the destroyer that they actually bumped. Then the destroyer sat back of the 'sub' only a few feet under the surface."

U-Boat Blown to Atoms.

"There was a terrific explosion; it shook our ship as if it had been struck. That 'sub' just was naturally blown to atoms. It almost cut the destroyer in two, nearly blew the stern of her off. But that is just a part of the job for those boys. Their business is to get 'subs.' What happens to them is another matter entirely."

"It was over in less time than it takes to tell it. At the same time the next nearest destroyer was perhaps 100 yards away, and in a flash it was blown to atoms, and the third was just as close to it as the first."

U-Boat Blown to Atoms.

"There was a terrific explosion; it shook our ship as if it had been struck. That 'sub' just was naturally blown to atoms. It almost cut the destroyer in two, nearly blew the stern of her off. But that is just a part of the job for those boys. Their business is to get 'subs.' What happens to them is another matter entirely."

blob of water rose and the destroyer curved away from the ship and went over to the first one to see what it was doing. The rest of them had apparently gone plumb crazy. They were simply whirling the nearby surface of the sea to white ribbons.

Living Wall Formed.

"A big flock of English gunboats and destroyers came up from nowhere in particular and moved along ahead of us and our tanks. We reduced our speed to theirs and our own flock of waves came up and formed a living wall around us and we moved along up to a line an hour later on English pilot was picked up. The boat was through the mine fields and into port."

"We heard them from the commander of the destroyer fleet, who came aboard us, that there had been three subs' waiting for us. They had fired three torpedoes at short range, but just as the frames started we had been alerted to turn sharp and beat it. We did. The torpedoes skinned our sides. Two of the submarines went to Davy Jones' locker and they kind of felt that the other one was smothered the same afternoon."

SELLING BONES FOR FOOD.



Over in England they are selling bones at the rate of five pounds for one shilling. Policemen regulate long lines of people patiently standing out on the sidewalks, waiting, not for their favorite matinee idol to pass, but for a chance to enter a food shop and buy a small quantity of food. It takes about three minutes for the shopkeepers to dress their windows over there, merely because there are, perhaps, but a few cans of condensed milk and a box or two of corned beef to be displayed.

Yet over here in America, bones, hay, even furs and precious scraps of meat are going into the garbage pail! Although in many cities there were long lines of people waiting last winter for supplies of coal, there has as yet been no pinched-faced mob pleading for food. True there are frequently long lines of people on the street, but mostly they are buying tickets to shows! In the busy streets in towns and cities, shopkeepers display elaborate arrangements of all kinds of delicacies in their show-case windows. They would scorn a "display" of corned beef and condensed milk!

The accompanying picture is from the Official Press bureau in London. It was sent over to this country for the express purpose of showing America what England is really facing. A country in such straits not only needs help herself, but cannot possibly be expected to contribute to the support of hundreds of thousands of United States troops now on the other side. The food shortage is real. Save food and "Carry On."

BOYS LEARN TO COOK, GIRLS AS CARPENTERS

Cleveland.—Manual training is not for boys only, and domestic science is not only a girl's study in Cleveland schools now, for the courses in some of the public schools have been switched and the boys are being taught to cook and buy groceries and the girls are getting training in household carpentry. The girls are said to be proficient in handling tools, while many of the boys in the "bringing up father" divisions are becoming good cooks and bakers.

Arms Covered With Pimples

Which Itched Terribly. Could Not Sleep. Clothing Irritated. Very Painful.

Spread to Body. Two Cakes Cuticura Soap and Two Boxes Ointment Healed.

"A slight itching began on my arms at first, and it increased rapidly, being worse at night. My arms were simply covered with small red pimples which itched terribly. I could not sleep nights, and my clothing irritated the eruption, and caused it to become very painful. My arms got so bad I could hardly move them. The pimples scattered on my body."

"Finally I sent for a sample of Cuticura. I purchased two cakes of Cuticura Soap and two boxes of Cuticura Ointment which healed me." (Signed) Mrs. H. M. Clark, 115 Seaside Ave., Guilford, Conn., August 6, 1917.

For hair and skin health Cuticura Soap and Ointment are supreme. Sample each free. Write for free booklet: "Cuticura for Skin Diseases." Send 10c in stamps to: Cuticura, P.O. Box 100, Lowell, Mass.

Great Fertilizer Field.

Government experts are investigating the recently discovered huge deposits of the Prithoff Islands, believed to be the world's greatest supply of fertilizer of that kind.

The Annual Meeting of the Corporation of the Savings Bank of Newport,
NEWPORT, R. I.
Will be held at the banking room on Friday, July 19, 1918, at 3.30 p. m.
Money deposited on or before Saturday, July 20, 1918, will commence to draw interest on that date
C. P. TAYLOR,
Treasurer.

BOSTON, THE CAPITAL OF NEW ENGLAND
and the Mecca of thousands who visit its Historic Shrine, Beautiful Churches, Art and Literary Treasures and Attractive Suburbs, extends the welcome hand to all visitors.
THE UNITED STATES HOTEL
Favorably known as such, for more than three-quarters of a century, is still in the front rank of the Country's lending hotels, and with its up-to-date conveniences, moderate charges, and liberal management, holds the patronage of the business man, tourist and family.

No. 155
REPORT OF THE CONDITION OF
The National Exchange Bank
At Newport, in the State of Rhode Island, at the close of business on May 10, 1918.
RESOURCES

Cash and Deposits	\$97,779.31	%
Customers' liability account of the bank purchased or discounted by it	2,491.29	
Total Loans	2,491.29	
Overdrafts, secured, 11,721.20; unsecured, 1,977.17	13,698.37	
U. S. Bonds deposited (as security for loans) (per 1918)	5,118	
Liberty Loan Bonds, 3 1/2 per cent, and 4 per cent, coupons	119,000.00	
Liberty Loan Bonds, pledged to some state, or other deposits of public	100.00	
Payment—entirely made on Liberty 4 1/2 per cent bonds	5,950.00	
Stocks and Securities—pledged as collateral for loans or other deposits (not included in U. S. Bonds)	20.00	
Total Bonds, etc., authorized, less than U. S. Bonds	58,778.61	
Stock of Federal Reserve Bank (90 per cent of authorized)	115,119.00	
Value of banking house	20,257.34	
Real Estate owned other than banking house	1,174.00	
Lawful reserve with Federal Reserve Bank	21,075.00	
Cash in vault and not included in Federal Reserve Bank	2,991.00	
Exchange for clearing, to use	6,614.04	
Checks on other banks in the same city or town as reporting bank (other than item 17)	10,750.24	
Total of items 17, 18, 19, 20, 21, 22, 23, 24, 25, 26, 27, 28, 29, 30, 31, 32, 33, 34, 35, 36, 37, 38, 39, 40, 41, 42, 43, 44, 45, 46, 47, 48, 49, 50, 51, 52, 53, 54, 55, 56, 57, 58, 59, 60, 61, 62, 63, 64, 65, 66, 67, 68, 69, 70, 71, 72, 73, 74, 75, 76, 77, 78, 79, 80, 81, 82, 83, 84, 85, 86, 87, 88, 89, 90, 91, 92, 93, 94, 95, 96, 97, 98, 99, 100	1,174.00	
Total	5,000.00	
Capital stock paid in	11,000.00	
Surplus fund	1,000.00	
Undivided profits	6,000.00	
Less current expenses, interest and taxes paid	31,000.00	
Unpaid National Loan	25,000.00	
Net amount due to National Banks	25,000.00	
Net amount due to Banks and Bankers (other than reserve)	5,000.00	
Total amount of item 12 and 31	30,000.00	
Individual deposits subject to check	7,129.21	
Certificate of deposit due in less than 90 days	572,814.00	
Certificate of deposit due in more than 90 days	20,000.00	
Dividends unpaid	2,879.31	
Total of items and deposits subject to reserve	7,000.00	
U. S. Bonds held for which capital of country was furnished	12,000.00	
Liberty Bonds with Federal Reserve Bank	7,000.00	
Total	11,000.00	

LIABILITIES

Capital stock paid in	11,000.00	
Surplus fund	1,000.00	
Undivided profits	6,000.00	
Less current expenses, interest and taxes paid	31,000.00	
Unpaid National Loan	25,000.00	
Net amount due to National Banks	25,000.00	
Net amount due to Banks and Bankers (other than reserve)	5,000.00	
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Liberty Bonds with Federal Reserve Bank	7,000.00	
Total	11,000.00	

STATE OF RHODE ISLAND,
County of Newport ss:
I, Geo. H. Pratt, Cashier of the above-named bank, do solemnly swear that the above statement is true to the best of my knowledge and belief.
Subscribed and sworn to before me, this 10th day of May, 1918.
Correct Attest:
PAULER BRAMAN, Notary Public.
WILLIAM H. HARVEY,
W. H. LAMBLEY,
ROBERT A. BROWN.

THE NEW LIBERTY LOAN
You no doubt wish to subscribe to the new Liberty Loan, issued by the United States Government. These Bonds afford an investment that is Absolutely Secure and yield a liberal return in interest. We will be pleased to receive your subscription for Liberty Bonds.
NEWPORT TRUST COMPANY
NEWPORT, R. I.

EVERY ARTICLE SOLD IS MADE ON THE PREMISES
SIMON KOSCHNY'S SONS
Manufacturing Confectioners
232 Thames Street Branch, 16 Broadway
NEWPORT, R. I.
CHOCOLATES A SPECIALTY MARZIPAN CONFECTION.
All Chocolate goods are made of Walter Baker Chocolate Covering
FOREIGN AND DOMESTIC CAKES A SPECIALTY
INDIVIDUAL ICES AND SHERBETS
All Orders promptly Attended to. All Goods are Pure Absolutely.
CHOICE CANDIES MADE DAILY
TELEPHONE CONNECTION
Great Fertilizer Field.
Government experts are investigating the recently discovered huge deposits of the Prithoff Islands, believed to be the world's greatest supply of fertilizer of that kind.
Forming a Bad Habit.
He who allows himself to get into the habit of explaining away his failures will soon find himself trying to explain away other people's successes.

